

Good Morning

S16

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

HONEY FOR YOU

By
RONALD
RICHARDS

IN April last year Kent challenged Sussex to a competition between the two counties as to which could produce the most honey for submarine crews.

Sussex won hands down by 1,015lbs. to 816lbs., Worthing topping the list for ALL divisions with 260lbs. of honey as their share towards the total.

DOUBLED THE MEMBERSHIP.

This is specially noteworthy, in view of the fact that Worthing, as a division of the Sussex Beekeepers' Association, has been in existence for just over a year.



MR. J. B. JOHNSON

Starting with 44, Worthing now has 92 members.

Mr. J. B. Johnson, chairman and treasurer of the Worthing Division of the Sussex Beekeepers' Association, said that their success had been achieved by careful management, feeding making no difference, as it was only a winter measure that does not affect the production of honey.

"The weather in June and July is the main factor," stated Mr. Johnson, and in the district of Worthing the main supply of honey is culled from white clover and lime trees.

Findon, where Mr. Johnson has his apiaries, abounds in lime trees, and, being at the foot of the Downs, there is also plenty of white clover—so that is where the bees are busiest.

COMEDIANS CORNER

Thanks to the radio, one half of the world knows how the other half lies.

"Is the night nurse we recommended giving you proper attention?"
"Well, not exactly, but I'm perfectly satisfied."

Teacher: "Give me an example of a coincidence."
Bright Lad: "My mother and father were married on the same day."

Some girls are free and easy, others are easy but never free.

SHAUN McALISTER.

The Gardener



Yes, daddy did it just like this,

I've watched him all the day.

And gardening MUST be done, you know

Even though he is away.

I'll be so glad when he comes back.

As mummy said to-day

"This gardening is a man's job"

(And I DO so want to PLAY).

NEWS ABOUT DREAMS

By MARK
PRIESTLEY

WHAT did you dream about last time you were sleeping?

A friend of mine in the Submarine Branch recently dreamt that his ship was taking Churchill to America. A man in a depot ship dreamt of travelling in submarines every night till he was transferred to one. Then the only dream he recalled was of the old folks at home.

Psychologists have been studying the topical nature of war dreams.

Hidden in the world of dreams, perhaps, are the secrets of the soul. Dr. Cyril Burt, Professor of Psychology at University College, has called dreams the accidental explosions of brain cells.

Freud traced the causes of these night visions to the deepest thoughts and wishes that lie buried in our minds.

Coleridge found a poem in a dream, his "Kubla Khan." Later, scholars detected the remarkable resemblance of his masterpiece to an old book called "Purchas, His Pilgrimage." Had Coleridge read the book, forgotten it, and remembered it in his sleep?

J. W. Dunne, in our day, detects in dreams a flight through time and space, a fugitive peep at the honeycomb pattern of future and past.

THE SENSES NEVER SLEEP.

Some people say they never dream, and the psychologists maintain they are mistaken. Dreams may be forgotten in the lifting of an eyelid, but thoughts never cease, and the senses never sleep.

A scientist has proved this by exciting the senses of an assistant and awakening him after he had had time to dream. At a whiff of eau de cologne the

assistant dreamed he was in a perfumery shop.

A gentle pinch of his neck produced a dream blister there, and in turn recalled a doctor of his boyhood. A red-hot poker waved near his face produced dreams of stokers. The sense relation of the sleeper was proved.

A year or two ago a psychologist discovered similarly that by making certain associations he could dream his way into his past life and stop wherever he pleased. He gained his effect with gramophone records and scent sensations contrived by a laboratory assistant.

The tune of the waltz he had danced when he first met his wife evoked again that forgotten ballroom, and the scent of a flower that had grown in a certain garden recalled the garden he had not visited for years.

PUTTING DREAMS TO WORK.

Professor Brett, of Toronto, has put dreams to work. Repeating the dots and dashes of the Morse code over and over to a sleeping dormitory of students, he discovered his class could learn it in 17 per cent. less time than in the ordinary way.

HAVE YOU ANY?

Jokes, Drawings or Stories from your ship's magazine. Send them to the Editor at the address on top of back page.

A Harley Street specialist declares that dreams are Nature's medicine for the soul. He is sure they prevent many a nervous breakdown.

Perhaps Bernard Shaw would not be so hale and hearty at 84 if he had not dreamed frequently of going on to sing an operatic role without knowing a note of it.

J. B. Priestley, who ponders much on dreams, must have eluded the strain of hard work on the night when he dreamed of his Berkshire beasts wearing rimless spectacles.

Yet we tread only the threshold of the strange dream mystery. Do dreams come true? The mere possibility, with its fixed focus on the unchangeable, irrevocable future, turns materialism topsy-turvy, but premonitory dreams seem proved.

M. Saurel, the dream student, dreamed that he was beside a high building seeking water with some soldiers, including major, sergeant, and corporal, a strange combination. It all happened like that in 1917.

PROPHETIC DREAMS.

J. W. Dunne dreamed of the bombardment of Lowestoft a year before the German guns went off in the last war.

Lady Londonderry dreamed that one of her thirteen guests at a dinner party had been shot. Was it merely a coincidence that Sir Henry Wilson, one of the thirteen, was murdered a fortnight later?

The Society for Psychical Research has investigated cases of dream presentiment by the hundred. Dreams come true too often, but never the dreams you expect to come true. That is one comfort to men who mutter in their bunks.

Submariners in the War Commentary

THERE was a quiet hush in the pub recently.

The mellow voice of Commander Ben Bryant coming through the wireless commanded a silence in the King and Keys that seldom had been equalled. He told of the war of the British submarines, in a B.B.C. War Commentary.

He opened by relating the vital part played by the branch in the African campaign, and went on to pay a tribute to the Royal Air Force fighter cover that provided ample cover from Malta.

"As the Eighth Army advanced, and then the First Army and the Americans, our submarines concentrated closer and closer on the contracting Axis sea routes. You may have thought that when we go to sea we go merely as roving marauders. Though that's the role which a submarine captain really enjoys, and is occasionally



permitted, normally we go out on set patrols with a set object in view—in fact, we're an integral part of the great land, sea and air machine which drove the Axis out of Africa."

He pointed out the different conditions of British and enemy submarines, and congratulated our crews operating in the Mediterranean.

"MAGNIFICENT DIVIDEND."

"They operated in unfavourable conditions, but every boat returned a magnificent dividend."

"Our submarines held their front until they were able to turn over to the shore-based bombers, who led on to the next phase. But don't think, because our bombers have turned their attention to Sicily and Sardinia, that the work of the submarines is over. They've moved one stage further on. They're still out ahead, and wherever the next blow falls, our submarines will have been there before."

"The sea communications along the long enemy coastline will provide our game, though it may not be quite as plentiful now. There's a chance still that Mussolini will wheel out his land-locked fleet for us to have a crack at. And, quite apart from the Mediterranean, there's the Pacific; there, there are infinite possibilities for the future which represents the submariner's dream."

He compared the British and German and Italian crews:

"There's one great advantage we British submariners enjoy. It would appear that the German finds it very hard to make a seaman, or the Italians to raise much enthusiasm for it all, anyhow. So that although the enemy possesses, in one form or another, most of the same anti-submarine gadgets that we have, we're much better than the enemy at using them."

BORN TO IT.

"On our side, our men take kindly to the game—and here I'd like to include our friends in the Mediterranean flotillas, Polish, Dutch and Greek submariners, who fight by our side in the same way as the Fighting French and Norwegians do in northern waters."

"But I don't want to give you the impression that our submariners are a band of grim-faced, do-or-die heroes. Far from it. On patrol they work hard enough; if you added it up in hours you'd find that in a year's operational work in the Mediterranean, about a third of the whole year is spent actually under the water, and about three-fifths of the year on patrol."

Summing up, he said:—"Few of us would swap our job for any other; we enjoy what is to us the finest sport in the world."

He married his horse

By PETER DAVIS

EVER heard of the man who married a horse? Maybe not, but when Jerome Clegg invited his two lawyers to meet his wife he opened a stable door. There stood his legal bride, a sleek brown filly, and Jerome had his marriage certificate to prove it!

Under the phraseology of Arkansas State laws in 1914—a man had the right to marry "any living being" . . . and Jerome had promised to "love and to cherish" Mabelle Belle, a racehorse.

Jerome had long been regarded as a little odd by his wealthy family, and they declined to allow him to handle his own money; so the two lawyers had been placed in sole charge instead!

All went well until Jerome went in for racing. Then he discovered that if any horse of his won any money the stakes would automatically have to be turned over to the lawyers.

This might have been all right, for at first Jerome produced a very sorry lot of nags from his stable.

THEN—A WINNER!

Then he bought Mabelle Belle—and she began to romp home first in every race he entered her for. Jerome hated to see all the good money she earned going into the safes of the lawyers.

Then he discovered that although, in law, he couldn't handle money himself—his wife could handle money. And he discovered, too, that under Arkansas law he could marry "any living being"—so he decided to marry Mabelle Belle.

The lawyers heard of the "marriage," but they imagined Jerome had married some pretty girl named after a horse—and not a horse named after a pretty girl! Soon all America was laughing at Jerome's rich joke when his family brought a suit to have the "marriage" annulled.

In the end the court decided the ceremony was illegal, and Jerome had to bid a horseman's farewell to his "bride." Not that it mattered very much, however, for the judge also decided that a young man who was clever enough to think of marrying his nag in order to retain his race winnings was clever enough to handle his own money.

Presently Jerome married again—this time, boys, his bride was the most bewitching girl in all Arkansas.

SUNDAY FARE



WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was the inside of a Schrader valve.

The Handcuff King was an early Flier

From an
Aviator's
Notebook—1

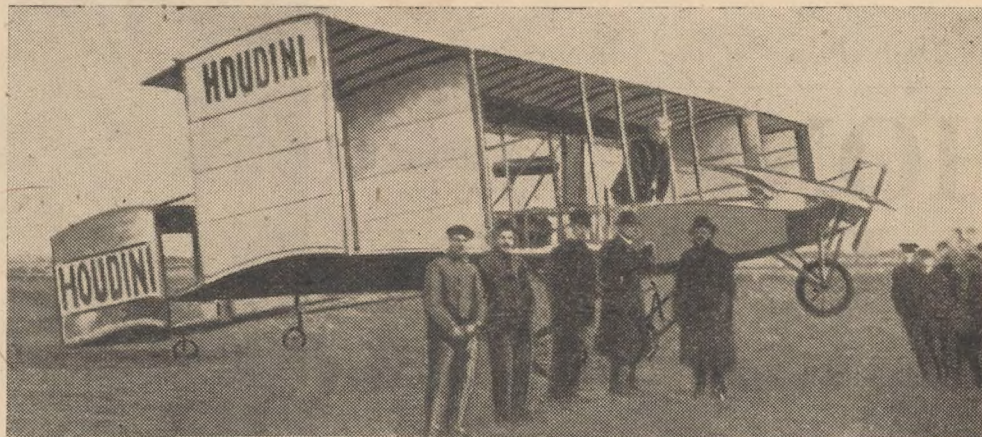
MOST people knew Houdini for his mystifying shows on the variety stage as "The Handcuff King," and in the early nineteen hundreds his name topping the bill at the local music hall could be relied upon to fill the house.

His speciality was, of course, to escape with apparent ease and speed from any manner of manacles or imprisoning device, and his name became a household word.

A great showman

Harry Houdini was always a great publicist for Harry Houdini, and whether the fact that he was amongst the earliest to be bitten by the flying bug had anything to do with his sense of showmanship is a case for conjecture. It is a fact, however, as shown in the accompanying photograph of his aeroplane, that he was opportunist enough to make use of the valuable advertising space on the inter-plane fins and tail-plane.

It was in 1909 that Houdini, then touring Germany, bought this Voisin standard biplane, with its 60 h.p. E.N.U. engine driving a pusher propeller.



Houdini's Voisin biplane (from a reproduction in "Flight"). Note the front elevating plane and tricycle landing gear.

Houdini was quite a beginner, but quickly learned to fly, and was very soon making flights at Hamburg, Wandsbeck and Berlin, and at the latter place took up two passengers.

His average flight at the time lasted about twenty minutes at heights between fifty and eighty

feet—which for those days was a creditable performance for a beginner.

First to insure

Clever as he was at "getting out of things," Houdini was astute enough to realise that if his prowess as an aviator let him down to the extent that he killed or damaged any third person, the only get-out of liability for damages would be an insurance policy. So it was that Harry Houdini was the first aviator ever to take out

such a policy, with a Hamburg concern, covering him up to 50,000 marks for damage to one person, and 150,000 marks for three persons.

Houdini's ambition as an airman was to ship his plane to Australia for his tour of that country, and so be the first biplane pilot to fly there.

And to fit himself for that he went for A WEEK'S PRACTICE to Chalons, where a flying school for Voisin machines was situated. E. G. S.

Is there a Sea Serpent?

IT is a fact that there is no instance in the annals of the sea wherein a submarine's crew have reported meeting a sea serpent.

There may be many reasons for this. You can guess at them all. If a submarine had met a sea serpent of any note the occurrence would have been recorded in the log; still, there are seamen quite as truthful as submarine crews who have reported sea serpents.

Up till about fifty years ago it was usual for scientists to scoff at the tales of mariners relating to sea serpents. But scientists don't scoff now—openly. The jeers have died down. After all, the Loch Ness monster's existence is an open question.

In 1903 the s.s. *Tresco*, 3,750 tonnage, belonging to a Liverpool firm, but chartered to the Earn Line of Philadelphia, left Philadelphia for Santiago de Cuba. She sailed on May 28th of that year. This can be checked by records.

Her captain was W. H. Bartlett, of Looe, Cornwall. The first officer was Elias Griffiths, of Liverpool. Her second was Joseph Osten Grey, of Northumberland. Mr. Grey was then aged 33, had been at sea for sixteen years, and held a master's ticket. Please note these facts.

On May 30th, when the *Tresco* was plugging along about ninety miles south of Cape Hatteras, Grey was on watch. The first mate was below, the skipper was in his cabin taking a morning nap.

Chased by serpent?

At ten o'clock Grey saw a commotion on the sea on the port bow. He took it to be a shoal of fish, possibly porpoises. He paid little attention at first. But as the ship approached the spot he saw that this was not porpoises, but sharks; and the school of sharks was swimming fast towards the land. They drove onward at top speed.

The sharks passed out of sight. But away on the port bow appeared another object. The sea was calm, and Grey thought he had sighted a dere-

By RUSSELL SINCLAIR

lict. He altered course to make investigation, for it is the duty of every officer to report derelicts to the Hydrographic Office so they can be destroyed.

Shortly, Grey observed that this was not a derelict. Moreover, it appeared to be moving

house and steer from there, so as to get out of the way of this monster. Leon leaped the seven steps into the wheel-house. Grey followed, and there the two stood, after slamming the door. "I felt," said Grey, "like a child afraid of something in the dark that runs to bed upstairs. This looked like a Chinese dragon come alive."



towards the *Tresco*. I give you Grey's own words.

"Swiftly, with a terrible up-rising, a mighty and horrible head came out of the water, surmounting a tall, powerful neck that had the thickness and strength of a cathedral pillar, yet seemed spindly in comparison with the huge and awful head it supported."

The steersman, named Leon, saw it. The rest of the watch saw it. One of the men uttered a yell and leaped for the companionway. Three others followed, leaving Grey and Leon alone on deck. For the sea serpent was now coming towards the ship.

Second Officer Grey cried out to Leon to jump into the wheel-

The only weapon on the ship was a shotgun, kept below, which was useless in defence. This is what these two men saw:

In full view

The head of the serpent was about five feet long, the neck about 18 inches in diameter. The lower jaw stuck out and the lower lip was pendulous. Under the jaw was a pouch of loose skin. A drab-coloured saliva dripped from the jaws.

The only teeth visible were two immense molars that curved backward, ivory tinted. The eyes were reddish, but appeared to have no pupils. These eyes were turned on the ship menacingly.

GREAT STORIES OF THE SEA

The head was covered with scales, as was the neck and the part of the body that could be seen. The length of the body was estimated at about one-third of the *Tresco's* length. The *Tresco* was 300 feet long.

"Suddenly," said Grey, "from the back of the creature's head a great webbed crest arose, which was about a foot high and pointed like a spire."

The creature was not cylindrical in shape, but had a heavy body about eight feet across. It kept moving, without effort, keeping pace with the ship. Grey stated that he had no knowledge as to how long this state lasted. He felt in a trance; but when the creature began to move away he came out of his trance.

He rushed out of the wheel-house and ran down to where the skipper was asleep, bursting into the cabin and shouting "Come quick, sir, and see this strange animal."

The skipper ran on deck and saw it as it moved away. They saw it not more than a quarter of a mile from the *Tresco* as it lurched forward and then sank out of sight, sending up waves as its great bulk submerged below the surface.

When the *Tresco* arrived at Santiago a report was written out and was signed by Captain Bartlett, Grey, and three other members of the crew. Landsmen greeted the story with derision.

No wonder seamen hesitate to report a sea serpent! But evidence does not rest only on this report from the officers and crew of the *Tresco*.

Corroboration

Some years later a similar sea monster was sighted by the captain and crew of the *St. Francois Xavier*, of Noumea, off the Australian coast. Both descriptions tallied. Both incidents were recorded in the ships' logs.

In 1848, Captain McQuhae, of H.M.S. *Doedalus*, reported a monster in the Atlantic. A similar report was made by the commander of the H.M.S. *Bacchante*, the ship on which the late King George V sailed during his naval training.

Stories of sea serpents have

PUZZLE CORNER

H	E	R	C	U	L	E	S
H	A	N	N	I	B	A	L
N	A	P	O	L	E	O	N
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Answer to the Heroes Problem in S 15.

Y	O	L	E	A	I	I	R	E
M	A	R	D	S	H	I	R	X
I	O	M	K	S	S	T	O	E
C	I	M	P	R	E	S	E	R
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B	E	D	T	R	A	T	E	N
W	I	V	K	S	H	I	R	E

Here's another, this time the names of counties of England and Scotland. The letters of the counties are in the right columns, but not in the right lines. Can you find them? (Answer in next Sunday's issue.)

come from every part of the world and from every sea. Serpents have been seen off British Columbia, New Zealand, Tasmania, the Indian Ocean, Cape of Good Hope, Norway, the West Indie, the Pacific, the Atlantic.

They were not all the same serpent. Some were big and broad, some were long and snake-like. The reports were made by officers of many years' sea experience. These men were officers of high reputation.

In 1925 a young monster was washed ashore on the beach near Margate, south coast of Natal, about a hundred miles from Durban. It was over fifteen feet long, six feet broad, and two feet thick. The body was covered with white hair. It was photographed. The creature has never been classified by science.

In 1883 a monster was washed up on the coast of South Florida, and found by Mr. Gordon, President of the U.S. Humane Society, who was cruising in the district. It was over forty feet long, and had two large fins. The remains were hauled up the beach, but before they could be taken to a museum a hurricane descended and the waves washed the carcass into the sea.

Three humps

In 1934, Commodore Peel, formerly commander of the *Mauretania*, reported a sea ser-

pent off Nassau, in the Bahamas. He estimated it as about sixty feet long, with three humps. It was jet black in colour, and Commodore Peel saw it, as also did his officers, for four minutes as it lay on the surface.

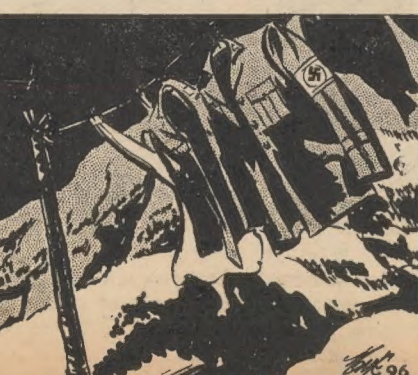
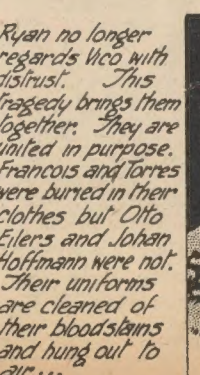
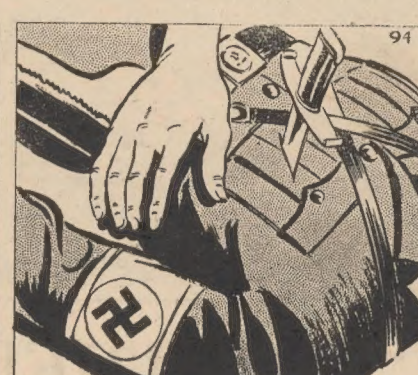
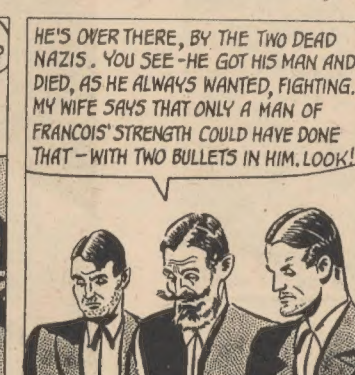
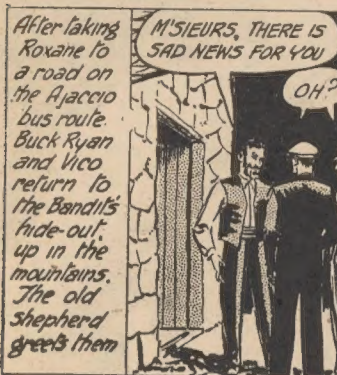
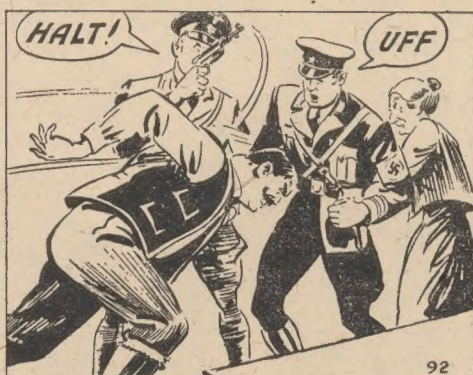
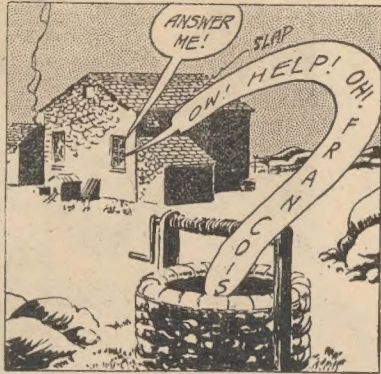
In 1938 a monster was reported off Deal, England, and soon afterwards another off the Suffolk coast. This may have been the same one. One of the witnesses was William Herrington, a town councillor of Southwold, and another fisherman.

In 1937 Colonel Doune reported a monster estimated at about forty feet long off Scalpay Island, when the motor-yacht *Pandora* was on its way to Portree. This was seen by four people, who signed their names to the statement.

There have been many other statements about strange monsters of the deep, but there is no space here to give them all. The main point is that the evidence disposes of any jeers and scepticism quite effectively. The answer to the question seems to be quite firmly proved that not only do sea serpents exist, but that there are many monsters in the depths of the sea, call them serpents or not, that have been seen by seamen and passengers whose word cannot be doubted.

Didn't the first British seamen who reported that they had seen flying fish have to endure the landsmen's jeers and accusations that such things existed only in imagination?

BUCK RYAN



Take it easy

By F. W. THOMAS

ONE of these days, when your hair starts falling out, you will probably decide to reform.

One does, when one no longer has the vitality necessary for a really cock-eyed life.

But take it easy. Don't rush things. And remember the sad, sad story of Ebenezer Pyefinch. . . . Sit back, you boys, and get a load of Ebenezer.

Mr. Pyefinch was a gas-fitter by profession, no worse and no better than the rest of us. Used to throw his boots about when dinner was late, and always left the bathroom under three inches of water.

When his wife expostulated, he would tell her to go to such far-away places as Bath, Buckersbury, Halifax and Jericho; but, such a journey not being really necessary, she didn't go.

One day Ebenezer came home, all tired and covered with red lead and bits of gas, only to find that his wife wasn't there to take his boots off and warm his slippers. So he sat down and waited, boiling inwardly so that steam trickled out of his ears.

He waited and waited, and at last began to think that she really had gone to Bath or Buckersbury, as directed. He hoped she had taken two of everything with her, and had not forgotten her hot-water bottle.

As he sat waiting and wondering, it slowly dawned on him that perhaps he had not been quite a model husband. That time when he had hit her with the underdone leg-of-mutton, for instance. And the other occasion, when he had pelted her mother's portrait, seven-and-six, including frame, with some amateur rock buns.

The more he thought about it, the less happy he felt, and at last he swore a mighty oath that, if she came back, all would be forgiven, and he would try to be a better husband in future.

At 9 p.m. Mrs. Pyefinch returned, all pink and penitent and perspiring. Ever so sorry, ducks, but the picture had been so lovely that she had stayed to see it three times, and would be like a cold sausage for his supper? Mr. Pyefinch rose from his armchair.

"Sweetheart," he said, "don't bother about me. Any old thing will do. Even a cold sausage, with you at the other side of the table, will be Paradise."

And as he tried to kiss her, she ducked and grabbed a flat-iron.

Next morning, just as the lark was about to leave his watery nest, Mr. Pyefinch rose, crept downstairs, and with the help of a quart of paraffin, seven newspapers and three bundles of wood, he managed to light a fire. And the hearthrug.

One hour later he stole upstairs again, where his wife was still asleep; and, touching her forehead lightly with his lips, he whispered, "Aggie, I've brought you up a nice cup of tea."

Naturally, Mrs. Pyefinch thought the stuff was poisoned, and when he had gone downstairs she tipped it into the aspidistra.

Downstairs, she found her spouse cleaning the knives and singing blithely to himself.

"Petkins," he said, "I don't think I'll fit any gas to-day. I'd much sooner stay at home and help with the housework. Then this afternoon we could go and see that picture again." With which he chuckled her under the chin, and whistled "Love will find a way."

At 11 a.m. he cleaned the front step. At 11.30 he kissed her twice. At 11.35 he started cleaning the windows. At 1 p.m. he was laying the table.

At 1.10 Mrs. Pyefinch went into the garden, where her son Percy was playing coddem with the boy next door. And Mrs. Pyefinch said:—

"Perce, the old man's gone bats, and bees, and barmy. He's come over all soppy, and I was so scared that I had to hit him over the head with a saucepan. You'll find him under the sink."

So be warned. Don't rush things. If you really must reform, take your time.

LET'S HAVE A LINE
on what you think of
"Good Morning" with
your ideas.
Address top of Page 4.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

This England

"The home road," near Rydal Water, Westmorland. Anyone who knows the charm of Lakeland, will find no difficulty in recapturing it through the medium of this charming picture.



"HEY, THERE!"

"That guy's making a get-away." Gosh, what a struggle, but he's going to make it. You'd almost think he was escaping from a concentration camp. Actually, he's just a naughty boy, who hates restrictions, and means to slip out of the day-nursery—if he can.



RAIDER OF HEARTS

Charming French film star, Annabella, who returns to the screen to play in 20th Century Fox super-hot Commando story "To-night we raid Calais." If her attack is as devastating as it is on our hearts, Calais looks like going through it.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"They'll be ready for me in five weeks"



REFILL!

This looks like milk-rationing on a microscopic scale. Truth is that young Maureen Greenwell, daughter of our pet cameraman, is not working to the nth degree of accuracy, but has adopted these motherless rabbits, and is not going to overdo things.